the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done. For thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Ro. And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow, to an ell-broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why? is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by Nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter* Nurſe *and her man.*

A ſayle a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen. *Mer.*

Mer. God ye goodden fa

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell you is now vpon the pricke of noo

Nurſe. Out vpon you, wh

Ro. One Gentlewomã, tha

Nurſe. By my troth it is w quath a: Gentlemen can any the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but you haue found him, then hee was youngeſt of that name, for fau

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I

Ben. Shee will endite him t

Mer. A baud, a baud, a bau

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a ſomething ſtale and hoare ere i An old hare hoare, and an o in Lent.

But a hare that is hore is too m ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your f

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient La

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſaw ſo full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman *Nurſe* talke, and will ſpeake more in a in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing and a were luſtier then he is, an cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſha of his Gil-flurts, I am none of hi

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